

Snipp, Snapp, Snurr and **THE GINGERBREAD**

Maj Lindman

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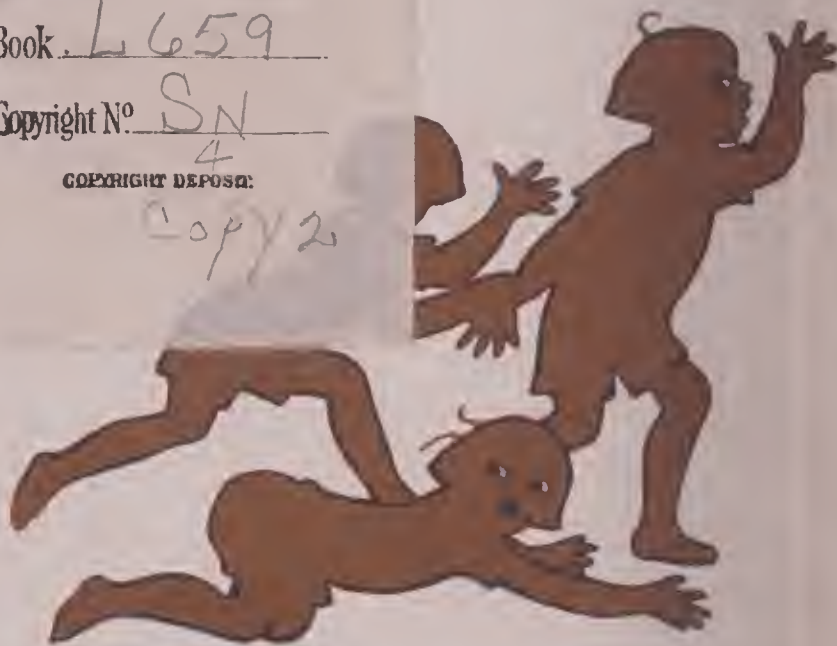
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Maj Lindman

Albert Whitman & Company

Chicago

Illinois

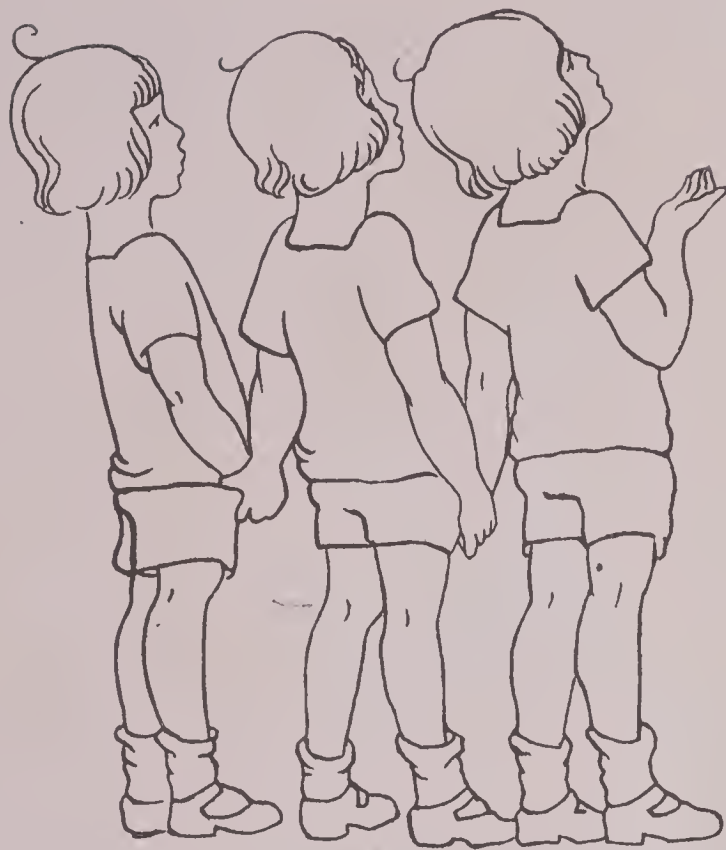
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FOREWORD

For a number of years the children of Europe have delighted in the adventures of Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr. The publication of an American edition of *Snipp, Snapp, Snurr and The Red Shoes* was a fortunate event for American children.

Now comes a companion book in which the three little boys go somewhat farther afield. This simply told story with its clear, colorful pictures is just the type of fanciful story that little children enjoy, for there is genuine childlike humor, a slight element of adventure, and a most satisfying ending. All of these help to make this book a favorite, and one that always brings the response, "Read it again!"

Alice Dalgliesh.

Columbia University,
New York City



She handed them a coin.

Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr were three little boys. Their hair was yellow. Their cheeks were pink. Their eyes were blue.

One morning they put on their red sweaters to take a walk. Soon they met their next door neighbor.

“Good morning, Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr,” she said kindly. “Where are you going this nice morning?”

“Good morning to you,” said the three little boys. “We each want to go to a different place.”

“I see,” said she. “Well, you take this coin, go to the baker, and buy whatever you want most.”

She handed them a coin, smiled, and walked slowly down the street.

Well,” said Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr at once, “Let’s all go to the bakery!”

Down the street they ran, straight to the village baker.

“Good morning, Mr. Baker,” they said as they walked in.

“We have come for cookies,” said Snipp.

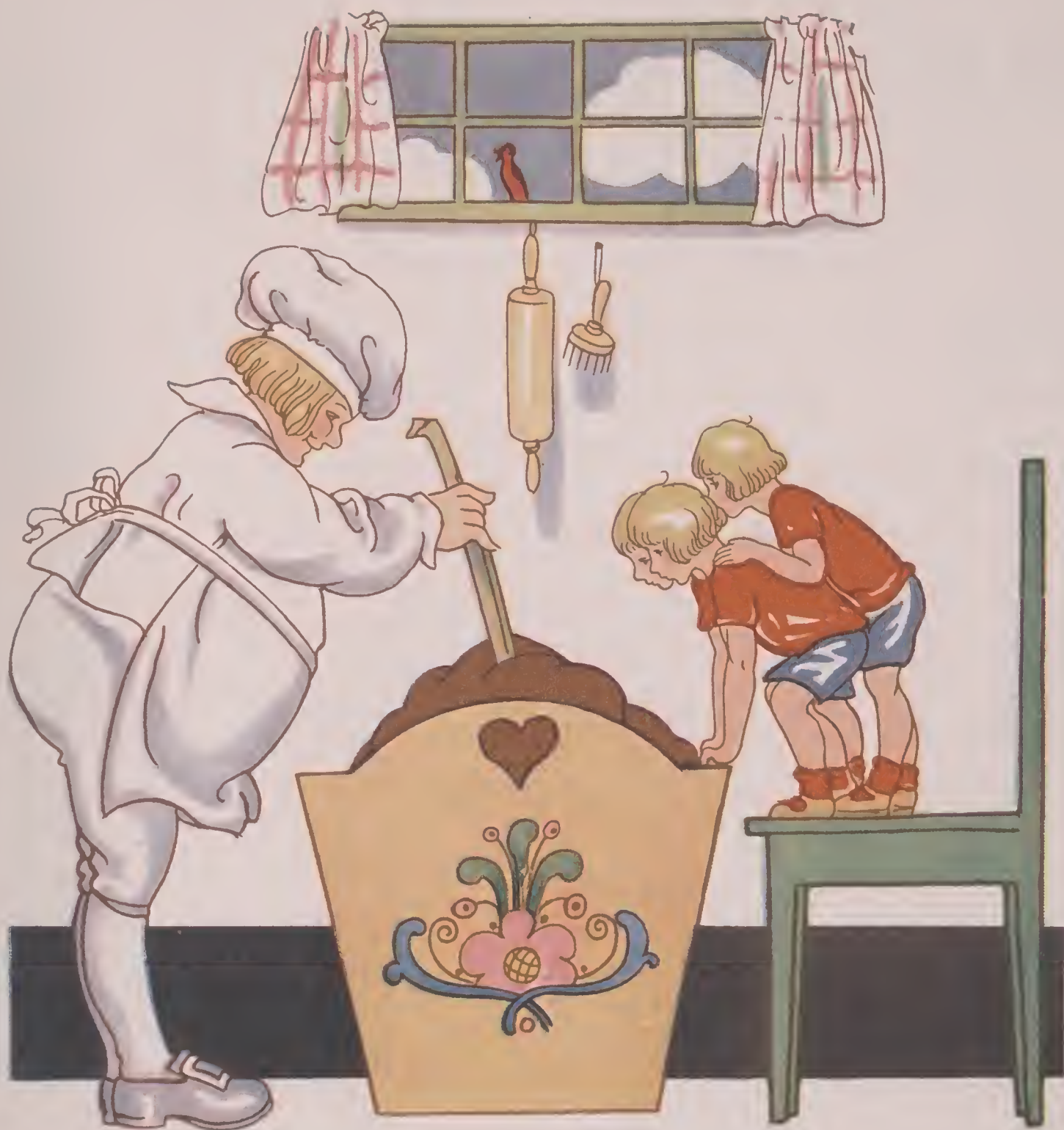
“I thought we would like pie,” said Snapp.

“No, we want gingerbread,” said Snurr.

“Gingerbread is fine,” said the baker.

“I am just stirring it now. Come out to the kitchen and watch me stir it for the last time before I put it in the oven!”

Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr followed him out to the kitchen. They climbed up on the chair so that they could watch the baker more carefully.



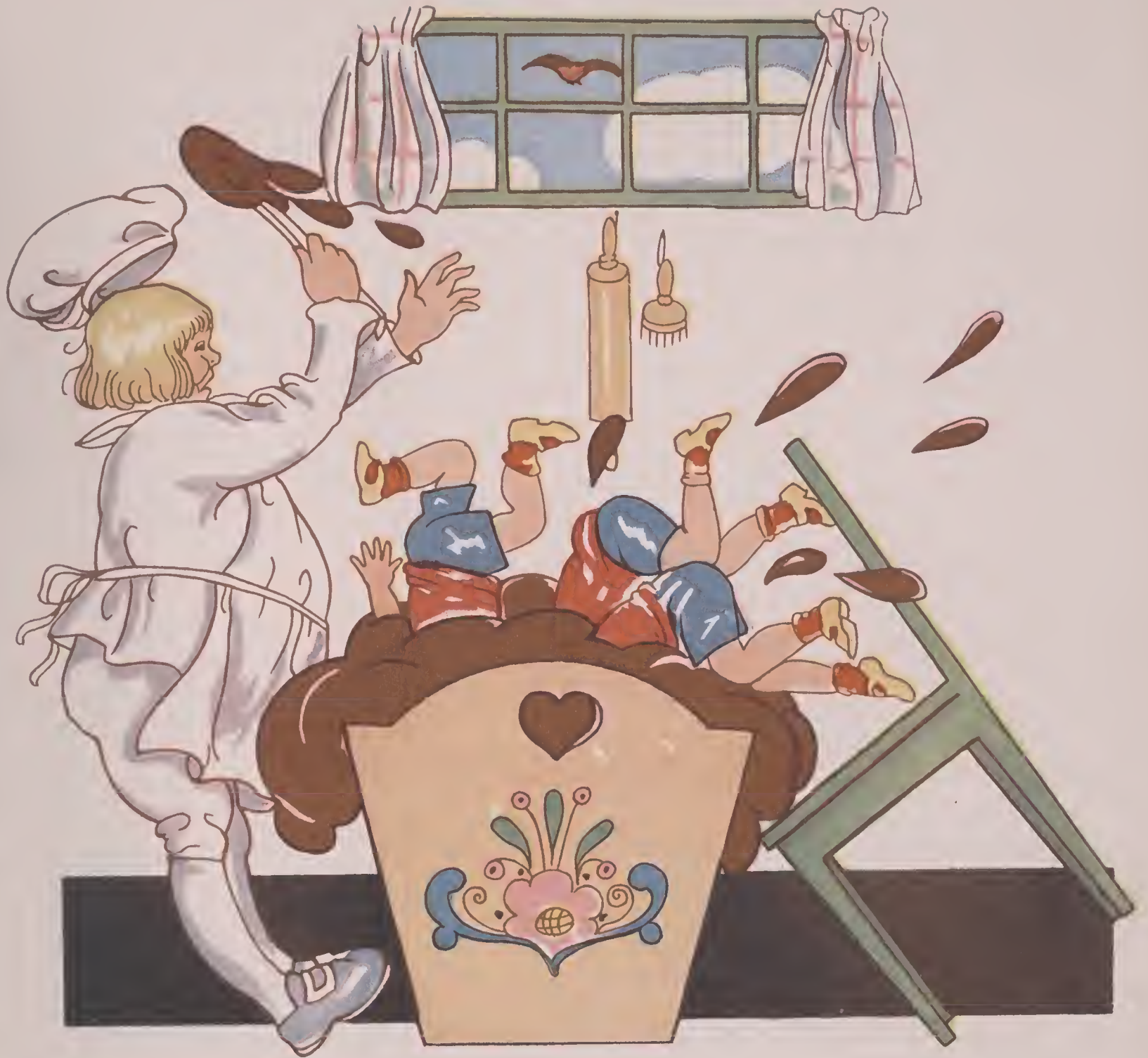
They could watch the baker more carefully.

Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr stood on one chair. Perhaps Snipp was too far back on the chair to see well and he tried to lean forward. It may have been that Snapp and Snurr were crowding each other to get a better view of the dark brown batter.

Perhaps the chair slipped on the spotless kitchen floor. Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr never could tell quite how it happened!

But in a moment the chair was tipping forward, and the three little boys felt themselves falling — falling head first into the dark brown gingerbread batter!

The baker was so surprised that his white cap flew off his head.



His white cap flew off his head.

He fell down in fright. As he sat there looking, Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr climbed out of the mixing trough. They were not hurt.

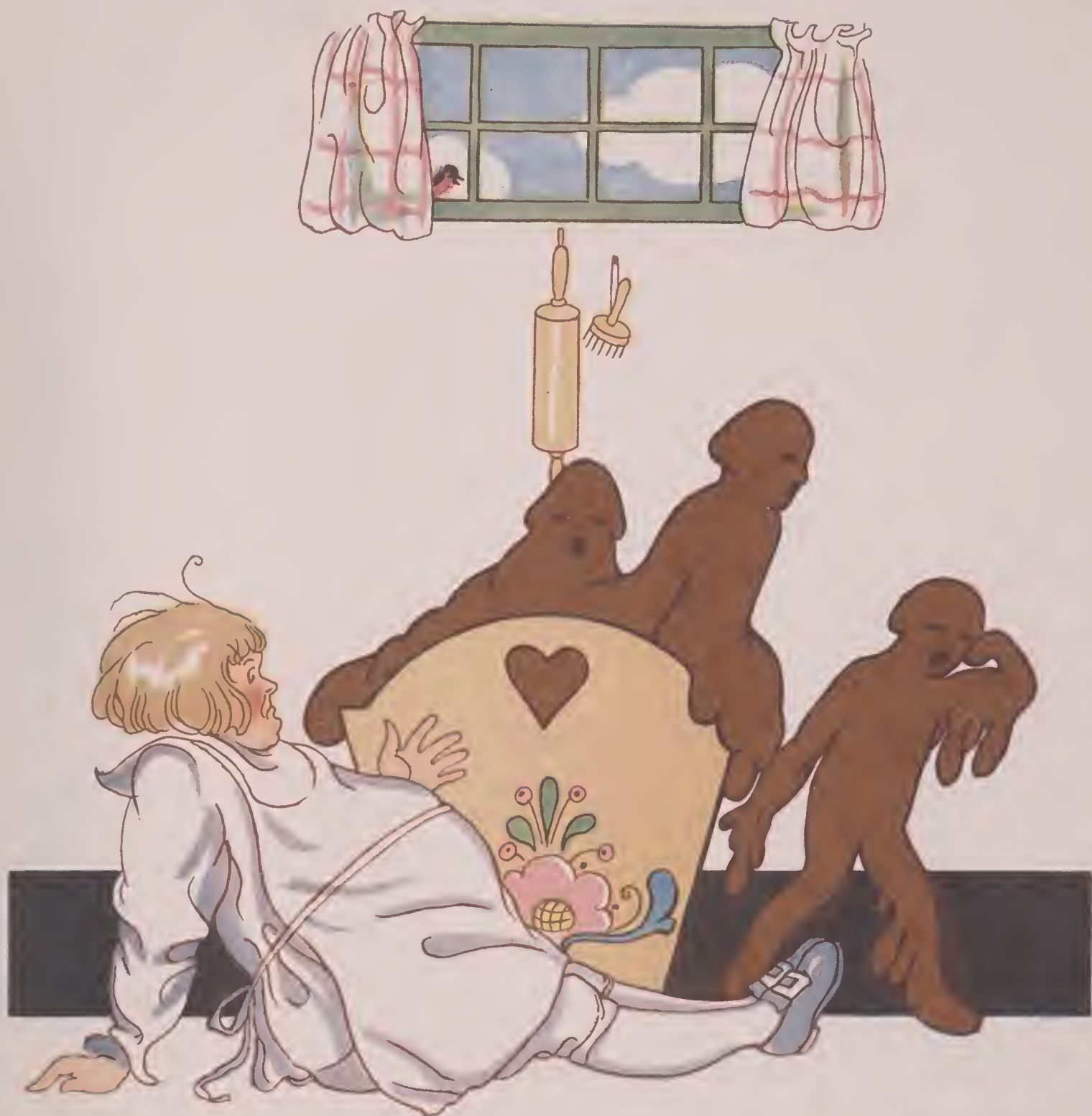
But they were covered from tip to toe with dark brown batter. Their little red sweaters and blue trousers and red socks were all dark brown. Their faces, hair and clothes were the same dark brown color.

“Let’s hurry home,” said Snipp, “before the baker can scold us.”

“Let’s run,” said Snapp.

“We’ll go out the front door,” said Snurr.

Off across the shiny floor they ran, straight out into the street.



"Let's hurry home," said Snipp.

Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr, all covered with dark brown batter, ran down the street. They looked just like gingerbread boys who had come to life.

An old woman sat at the corner selling apples. She could not believe her eyes when she saw three gingerbread boys running hand in hand in front of her.

She was so frightened that she dropped her two baskets. The apples rolled down the street.

A black cat saw the three little boys—and ran in the opposite direction.

The town policeman took one look at the gingerbread boys and then hurried off. Even he did not know what to do about three gingerbread boys running down the street.



The apples rolled down the street.

A big black and white dog happened to be near them. He smelled the rich brown gingerbread.

Now the big black and white dog was very fond of gingerbread. So he ran after Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr.

Poor Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr! How frightened they were to find a big dog running after them!

Down the street they ran, faster and faster. The dog ran faster and faster, too.

Snurr, who was a little behind the others, stumbled and fell.

Just as the big dog came very near, a golden coach drawn by four white horses rolled down the street. A beautiful Princess was in the coach.



A beautiful Princess was in the coach.

The coach drew up beside Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr. Two footmen helped them get into it.

With a crack of the whip they were off. Straight to the palace they drove. The Princess was delighted with the three little boys.

“I have always wanted to see a gingerbread boy,” she said. “And now I have three, real, live gingerbread boys here with me! It is the nicest thing that could happen! We must have a party.”

Soon Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr were drinking hot chocolate and eating fruit and cakes in the royal dining room.

The Princess sat at the head of the table in a pink dress. She wore her golden crown and told them fairy tales.



The Princess sat at the head of the table.

When Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr had heard all her stories, the Princess helped them into the golden coach drawn by four white horses. She called her two footmen and told them to take the three little gingerbread boys home.

For the second time that day Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr rode through the streets of the town in the golden coach.

They looked out of the window as they rode along.

They saw the old woman with her apples.

The policeman stood at salute as they rode by.

The black and white dog that liked the smell of gingerbread sat with his ears pricked up, and looked at them.



They looked out of the window.

When they reached home the two footmen helped them out of the golden coach. When they saw Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr run safely in the front door, the coachman cracked his whip. The four white horses pranced down the street with their silver bells tinkling.

Almost before Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr had a chance to tell mother about their wonderful party in the palace, they found themselves in the big bath tub.

Mother used soap and plenty of hot water. She even used a big scrubbing brush. Soon the gingerbread boys vanished. In their place were the three little boys who had gone to walk earlier in the day.

Their hair was yellow. Their cheeks were pink. Their eyes were blue. They were smiling happily because the brown gingerbread boys were gone forever.



She even used a big scrubbing brush.

Soon mother tucked each little boy into bed. And as they lay there warm, and clean, and sleepy, Snipp said softly, “I am glad—”. Before he could finish he had gone to sleep.

Snapp murmured sleepily, “I am glad I am not”, and his eyelids closed in the middle of the sentence.

So Snurr finished, “I am glad I am not a gingerbread boy.” Then he too was asleep.

As they slept, the baker in his white cap and big spoon, the policeman with his long sword, the Princess in a pink dress and a golden crown, the old woman and her apples, gingerbread men, gingerbread ladies, and gingerbread pigs—all danced through their dreams.

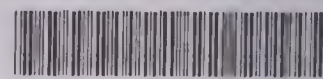


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